



Drawn & Engraved by A. Watkinshaw

GEORGE PACKWOOD

*The Celebrated Razor Strop Maker and
Author of the Goldfinch's Nest*

Pub.^d as the Act directs 23 July 1796

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PACKWOOD'S WHIM.

THE
GOLDFINCH'S NEST;

OR,

The Way to Get Money and be Happy.

Giving a general Account of his Diverting Advertisements,
with other useful observations.

R E A D E R,

When you have perused this Book and assert you were
neither Excited to Cry, Laugh, or Grin—you must not
expect to be Ranked among the most Favourite Customers.

TO

*Make this Publication worth your Money, that
there may be*

NO GRUMBLING,

An HALF CROWN is placed in the Middle of it.

By GEORGE PACKWOOD.

Fungor Vice Cotis.

HORACE.

PRINTED JULY 23, 1796.

Sold by the Author, at No. 16, Gracechurch-Street, London; Mr. Rastburn,
North-Bridge, Edinburgh; Mr. Simmons, Capel-Street, Dublin; and by
the News Carriers in Town and Country, and may be had of the
different Tradesmen, see their Names at the latter end of this Book.

PRICE A GOOD TOWER SHILLING,

[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

WILLIAM

GOLDEN AGE

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

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THE NEW YORK

THE
GOLDFINCH'S NEST,*

How discovered in the YEAR 1794.

ONE beautiful summer's morning was discovered the foundation of beginning of a Goldfinch's Nest, and for the better protection and safety of future progeny, was constructed in a snug cavity near an hospitable mansion; the place chosen for the purpose was the next door to the Cross Keys Inn, in Gracechurch-Street; the materials of which it was composed, were clay, wood, wax, leather, &c. all admirably selected and intermingled together, for the preservation of the young; when they should come forth; the first egg † was deposited the 23d of July, 1794; to the astonishment of all beholders, it produced, in the first three months, upwards of twenty young Goldfinches, ‡ which when fledged, took wing and directed their course to various parts, both in town and country, but in particular to Brighthelmstone; they there courted the protection of several respectable tradesmen, at this fashionable watering place, who admired their beauty and shape but were very shy of them for want of knowing their value, yet those who did, have had the pleasure to admire their melodious song, and to congratulate themselves on the happy event ever since. Mr. Gilburd, of that town, was the first person that shewed a partiality to them, which he did with some little reluctance from having been bit by some Water Wagtails § that he took under his protection some time before; however he treated them very kindly, and such favorites were they with ladies and gentlemen who frequented

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his

* The Original—and where the Sale is appointed.

† The Box of Razor Paste.

‡ The Yellow Boys.

§ An Impostor took advantage with some spurious liquid of Lemons.

his house, that he might have got any money for them, but he very modestly contented himself with receiving a part of their value which he shared with the original Nest when he required a fresh supply: another part of the brood took wing, but did not chuse to leave the metropolis, and fixed their abode with Mr. Love, in the Hay Market; a match being made with very little ceremony, great pains were taken to improve the young offspring, who took such an interest in their song, that he was continually sending for more, not forgetting from time to time to return part of the produce of the stock to the original Nest. At length these Goldfinches became birds of passage, and their flight extended to various parts of Scotland and Ireland, where they always shewed a partiality for those that treated them with kindness and hospitality, and their gratitude may be said to be unbounded to those who continued to return a part of their produce to the original Nest; Mr. Raeburn, of Edinburgh, and Mr. Simmons, of Dublin, have particularly witnessed the attachment of these birds, the latter having acknowledged that he had disposed of upwards of ten thousand in ten months after he had taken a fancy to them: * Indeed so much store was set by them, half a guinea has been known to be given for a single feather. † These birds can live in any part of the universe, many of them having ventured as far as the East and West-Indies, where they are in fine song and feather, notwithstanding the difference of the climate; such favorites are they in every part that those who take them under their care and will honourably return a part of the produce to the original Nest, may consider themselves on the eve of making a rapid fortune; such is the history of the discovery, rise, progress, and present condition of the celebrated Goldfinch's Nest, the original of which may be seen to the entire satisfaction of the curious, at the sign of the Naked Truth, No. 16, Gracechurch Street, London.

COURIER, April 16, 1796.

MR. EDITOR,

WHEN once a man's name is up in the world, he may then go to bed, or take a nod elsewhere, and if you can refrain from laughing yourself, it will be my pleasure to endeavour to keep your numerous friends from the painful effects of crying.

You must know I labour under a species of distress, which I fear will at length drive me utterly from that society, in which I am most ambitious to appear; but I will give you a short sketch of my origin and present situation, by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties: my father was a farmer in Worcestershire, near the seat of the Earl of Coventry, but of no great property, and with no other

* See the Dublin Register, or Freeman's Journal, April 26, 1796.

† The Razor Strop.

other learning, like myself, than was thought necessary to assist him through life. At 12 years of age, I was put apprentice to a widow lady in the city of Worcester, with a view of qualifying myself for a barber; but being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness, which is the fatal cause of my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended. You must know I am of a middling stature, and dark complexion, but of such extreme susceptibility of shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood rushes into my cheeks, and I appear like a full blown rose, the consciousness of this unhappy failing. When the time of my apprenticeship was expired, I visited Bath, and other polite places of amusement, to endeavour to get rid of those uncouth manners I am so much possessed of, but all to no purpose; I determined to visit the metropolis, in which I now reside, and after being settled sixteen or seventeen years, was liberally encouraged by numerous friends, as a knight of the comb, or more vulgarly speaking a hair dresser; but now I have changed my profession, by which means I have the honor of being visited by people of the first rank and fortune, both ladies and gentlemen. For the honor of the family I applied to the herald's office, and on paying two-shillings and six-pence, I was informed I had no arms: since that time my body is obliged to my legs for supporters. When you reflect on my origin, and uncouth manners, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by respectable families, especially those who have country seats near town; from these gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the most pressing invitations; and though I wished to accept their proffered friendship I have repeatedly excused myself by pleading the hurry of business, which often times was the case; but the truth is, when I have set out with full intention to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates; and I have frequently returned homeward resolving to try again to-morrow. However I at length determined to conquer my timidity, and a few days ago accepted of an invitation with one whose open easy manner left me no room to doubt of a cordial welcome. It was Sir Thomas Friendly, a Baronet, who lives at Friendly Hall, possessed of an independent fortune. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons of a professor, who teaches grown gentlemen to dance. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, I boldly ventured to obey the Baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies and Sir Thomas with tolerable intrepidity; but alas, how vain are all the hopes of theory when unsupported by habitual practice! As I approached the house a dinner bell alarmed my fears least I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed by this idea I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude and made my new learned bow to Lady Friendly, but unfortunately in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels to be the nomenclator of

of the family; the confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress, and of that description I believe the number is very small. The Baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident. The cheerfulness of her Ladyship and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness; till at length I ventured to join in conversation and even to start fresh subjects: the library being so richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the greek classics, in which the Baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which as I had never before heard of such a thing greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be; Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and, as I suppose, willing to save me the trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a wedgwood inkstand on the table under it: in vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table off the Turkey carpet, and scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambrick handkerchief. In the height of this confusion we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first so alarmed my fears, was only the half hour dinner bell. In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon my face had been continually burning like a fire-brand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked for accident rekindled all my heat, and I blushed. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my apparel, my black silk small cloaths were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling cauldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants. I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce boat and knocking down a salt seller, rather let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite. I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me; in
my

PACKWOOD'S WHIM. 7

my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth hot as a burning coal, it was impossible to conceal my agony, my eyes were starting from their sockets; at last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassioned my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire, and a glass of sherry was brought me from the side-board, which I snatched up with eagerness; but oh, how shall I tell the sequel! Whether the butler by some unaccountable accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already dead and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate, as raw as beef—what could I do? I could not swallow; and clapping my hands upon my mouth the liquor squirted through my nose and fingers, like a fountain, over all the dishes, and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame, and their diversion, was not yet complete.

To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequence of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The Baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his Lady in the general laugh, while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and came home in agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude. I am suffering in torments, the lower part of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grilled, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations to the everlasting shame which I must feel on the occasion: they will spare a bashful man, and as I am just informed my poultice is ready, the application of which being applied too hot, I was relieved from my difficulties, for, after two or three hours nap in my easy chair, I awoke from the vision of a dream, and found myself in the midst of my warehouse, famed for Razor Strops, &c. at No. 16, Gracechurch-Street, London.

I am respectfully your's, &c.

GEORGE PACKWOOD,

A PROVERB.

HE that gets an estate will keep it better than he that finds it: let us never think to be perfect at once. Whoever find themselves gainers at the year's end have a knowledge there is something to comfort them: they should every day labour to do something that may mend them, though it be not much; it will be the surest done if they can keep vice under and win upon that which is good—though it be but a little at once they may come to be better in time.

TO

PACKWOOD'S WHIM.

TO BE HAPPY.

IS to be good, that is, to love and fear God and keep his commandments, to do unto all men as you would they should do unto you; a good man though he be in misery, he is but like a black lanthorn in the night, he may seem dull and dark to those that are about him, but within he is full of light and brightness, and when he lifts to open the door, he can shew it.

THE WAY TO GET MONEY.

IS to sell a useful article that will do credit and tell to a good account, such as Packwood's Razor Stropps and Paste; or, his Goldfinches Nest.

AN ANECDOTE.

IT may be very justly said, Packwood has borrowed part of his materials from other foundations; we will admit that may be very true, but I answer, respectfully, Where is that person who has not borrowed, in one instance or another? even suppose we say it was only a flat iron of his neighbour's wife, her tinder-box, or washing-tub, with the usual observation—I will repay or return it again tomorrow. This verifies an old proverb " 'Tis better to borrow than to steal." But in general the greatest offender is the first to turn evidence. I here give you an instance: A black man, in Jamaica, some time ago was taken up by his master for buying goods knowing them to have been stolen. He was tried, found guilty, and sentence passed upon him. The Judge pronounced—"Take and flog that black rascal." The prisoner begged to be heard which was granted. Says he, "If white man buy tolen goods will you order white rascal a flog. (Yes, to be sure, said the Judge.) Dere is my Massa, he buy tolen goods, he know I was tolen when he bought me; hold um fast."

MORNING

MORNING CHRONICLE, December 18, 1794.

A REMARKABLE circumstance took place a few days ago at a gentleman's house, a few miles from town—a question was put to a visitor, have you tried the new Strop that is set forth to the public of late, that will take notches from knives or razors?—the answer was, I give no credit to such puffing. Stop, says the gentleman, if you have got a knife in your pocket we will prove the effect, as I have had one of the Strops sent me on trial; a knife was produced, also two rusty razors, cast aside some years; thus the credulous were satisfied, for twelve or fifteen gentlemen were shaved with the instruments before mentioned, and all acknowledged what was set forth in the Proprietor's shop-bills and advertisements justly agreed with the Superior Razor Strop, by virtue of the Paste it was composed of.

TIMES, Oct. 15, 1794.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO FRIENDS.

B. GOOD MORROW, Friend; how do you do this morning?

A. How do I do! I have been shaving myself so uncomfortably this morning, my face smarts with pain.

B. And cannot you find out a better way, to shave yourself with more ease?

A. No; my razors I cannot get in order; I burn in torture now at this time, like a goblin grilled.

B. What do you use to sharpen your razor on?

A. A common strop that is generally used; but to very little advantage.

B. Ho! Ho! I find you are not in the secret then!

A. Pray what do you mean by the secret? Is there any good news this morning?

B. Yes, I find it will be good news; and my friendship leads me to inform you of something that will be as good to you as a small estate, towards the comfort of life.

A. I shall esteem your information a most singular favor.

B. Have you not heard of a strop that will take notches from razors, pen-knives, and surgeons' instruments, by way of polishing, and afterwards leave so smooth an edge as to shave yourself with that ease as is not to be described:

A. No, neither do I believe there is such a thing; you may as well tell me that this said strop would sharpen me into a razor.

B. Hold; do not be too positive, for if you will believe me, I know it true, and the Proprietor will give you ocular demonstration. He stropped a large notch from his own common sixpenny pen-knife

B

(before

(before he offered them to a generous public) and shaved himself dry therewith, although a hard beard, without a lather, much cleaner and smoother than he had done for many years before; he also considers that instrument for convenience in travelling preferable to a razor! After a pen-knife has been injured by cutting nails or pens, a few strokes on the *Superior Strop*, according to directions, will bring the edge to cut as smooth as before injured; he engages likewise to return the money (after trial) in one week, if not approved of; this he declares in a shop-bill, in which the strop is wrapped when sold, I know it to be a fact.

A. My dear Friend, this out-tops every thing I ever heard of; it puts me in mind of the Philosopher's stone; but, as you tell me so, I'll give you credit for it.

B. And what is a greater acquisition, he sells a paste to keep your Razor in good order, for years, in boxes, with directions, 2s. 6d. each. The Stropps are sold for 3s. 6d.—5s.—and 10s. 6d. each.—A safe article for merchants to venture abroad.

A. This is good news indeed; pray where are they sold? I will have one of them, if it costs me a guinea.

B. They are vended, wholesale and retail, by the sole Proprietor, G. PACKWOOD, No. 16, *Gracechurch-Street, London*: I likewise learn he is very desirous of being excused the postage of letters: the drawback is too much on his little profit.

A. My best friend and comforter, if I find it as true as you assert, I'll treat you with a bird and bottle of the best.

B. A trial will convince; and, depend upon it, you will find what I say to be a fact.

MORNING CHRONICLE, Nov. 5, 1794.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MERCHANT AND HIS BLACK SERVANT.

M. SCIPIO.

S. What you please to ave, Massa?

M. Yesterday you did not perform your office properly, you tore the skin from my face; why do you not use hot water? I am convinced it would produce an alteration for the better.

S. Yes, Massa, I ave found hot water a very good ting, but Mr. Hone do not hit de method of putting your razors in good order.

M. Well, come and try and shave me better this morning; I declare my face is so tender, I can scarce undergo the operation.

S. Yes, Massa; I ave got good news dis morning, Massa.

M. Have

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M. Have you got that long looked-for letter from your father and mother?

S. No Massa; good to you, not to me, Massa; I was no tinkin' of my fader nor moder.

M. Do you take off the beard, Scipio?

S. Yes, Massa; put you hand up to you face; and feel how smooth it is.

M. What razor are you shaving me with, Scipio, that makes such a difference? or is it the advantage of hot water?

S. I ave no hot water, Massa; dis is an old razor you throw away, Massa, above twelvemont ago, because was good for nothin'; I ave strop'd it on de Butler's new Razor Strop, he bought dis morning, he say it would take out notches, he praise it so much, I taught me would try it on dis old razor, and I find it please you, Massa; dis is de good news, Massa.

M. Good news indeed, Scipio, for although my face was so tender, yet I could scarcely feel you; it was like as if the beard moved off with a touch; I never was shaved so nicely in all my life. (Aside) This will be a fine article to form a part of my cargo in the next ship that goes out. Do you know where they are sold, Scipio?

S. Look here, Massa, in dis morning paper de Butler shew me.

M. I shall reward you, Scipio, for your attention and fidelity.

S. A, Massa, if I am continued in your service, dat will be ample reward for Scipio; bring good news to you of Packwood's new invention dat will move tings with a touch.

No wonder Packwood's Strops occasion a fuss,

By their value, they are underfold;

A most generous public acknowledges thus

All their weight they are well worth in gold.

NORWICH MERCURY, July 11, 1795.

THE epithet of a WHET is quite the rage: a most curious genius has so successfully WHETTED the inclinations of the people, that happy is the man now that can get a WHET at Packwood's new-invention.

TELEGRAPH, January 21, 1795.

NEWS extraordinary — Boys often receive a strap on the shoulders, which produces uncomfortable sensations. Invention has discovered a Strap or Strop of a more singular nature—its use will give uncommon pleasure, in particular to the bearded phiz.

SUNDAY

SUNDAY MONITOR, Feb. 22, 1795.

A F A B L E.

ONCE upon a time it happened two slaves met together, the one named Common Strop, the other Superior Strop; Common Strop claimed preference of the other, and thus addressed him "remember, Superior, you are but young in the world, and ought not to presume so much upon yourself; I have been useful to sharpen razors as a common strop for ages past, and lived in some credit before you came." All this is self-praise without foundation, answered Superior; but I understand the most you could ever do, with all your art and long experience, was only to smooth the edge of an instrument after the stone or barber's hone. Many a good razor has been cast aside for want of that merit you now so much boast of: my superiority has already convinced the most credulous into surprize, that my power will remove notches from a razor or common knife, and give a delectable smooth edge to shave the hardest beard, and that to admiration.

THE MORAL.

" Merit meets it's own reward on a fair trial."

DUBLIN EVENING POST, May 21, 1796.

A N E C D O T E.

SEEING is believing, but feeling is the naked truth.—Prejudiced as the public may be against the nostrums set forth in a flow of advertisements, merely to take the advantage of honest John Bull—yet there are some few exceptions allowed, and the merit due to PACKWOOD'S superior Razor Strop is a proof to claim this exception;—the encomiums generally paid the proprietor are a little out of the common way, by those who have made trial of them—saying, if one could not be got for less—twenty guineas should not purchase the strop in their possession—others say, they are worth their weight in gold; and it is the general opinion the proprietor ought to be immortalized.

TRUE BRITON, April 27, 1795.

THE following whimsical, though ridiculous circumstance, took place a few days ago with one of honest John Bull's acquaintance.—At the very instant he was laughing to scorn the wonderful wonder of wonders,
he

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he was struck with astonishment and surprize to see, at dinner time, a large notch entirely removed, as it were by magic, from a carving knife, by the power, I say, the uncommon power of an instrument, vulgarly called a Strap; but a high-flown gentleman, not a mile and a half from the corner of the Cross Keys, Gracechurch-street, seems to have defined this to the word strap, by the title or appellation of superior.—The cause of this phenomenon was a domestic, who dreaded a repetition of threats from his governor, recently had procured one of those magic strops to save the cutler the trouble of grinding. O grinders! O honers! O setters of razors! great will be the downfall thereof!

MORNING CHRONICLE, April 10, 1795.

A Correspondent who has experienced the facility with which the NEW INVENTION occasions the Razor to act even on beards that are as stiff as stubble, is of opinion that the combined judgment of the first wise men of the age, could not have effected what Packwood has with such address accomplished: TO SHAVE THE NATION has hitherto been found a difficult matter, but Packwood has proved by a surprising effort of genius, and by the power of his Razor Strop, that nothing can be performed with greater ease.

TELEGRAPH, May 12, 1795.

THE NAKED TRUTH.

A few reasonable questions may not be inapplicable to the present age.

Q. What was the original meaning and intent of advertisements?

A. To publish the truth.

Q. Where is the truth, that valuable jewel, to be met with?

A. Not only the truth, but the naked truth, is at this time copiously dealt out by PACKWOOD all over the land in his magic or powerful Strop, by whose means ease is given to the cheek, comfort to the upper lip, and an uncommon agreeable surprize to the bearded phiz. To convince those who are doubtful, PACKWOOD generously allows a week's trial, for this reason—before the Strop was proved, the world laughed at PACKWOOD, but afterwards astonishment took place of wonder, and PACKWOOD respectfully laughs in turn on the world; because he has the compliments and praises from his numerous friends and a generous public (which have been comforted); and another most powerful argument prevails, that is, he handles the chink.

COURIER,

COURIER, May 12, 1795.

TO MR. PACKWOOD, No. 16, GRACECHURCH-
STREET, LONDON,

Proprietor of the New-invented Razor-Strop.

S I R,

ASTONISHMENT at having experienced a most agreeable sensation in the operation of shaving at a barber's, where I accidentally called for that purpose, I was induced to give the operator that praise which I conceived to be so justly due. But he, with a generosity highly commendable, replied, that the merit was not his; for that ease, with which my beard was taken away, entirely resulted from the virtue of PACKWOOD'S new-invented Strops.

STAR, May 2, 1795.

ADVICE TO GENTLEMEN OF THE RAZOR.

IF to PACKWOOD'S you repair,
For his new-invented Strop,
Beards you'll shave with easy air,
Custom bring unto your shop.

Be your Razors dull for use,
This so fine an edge will give,
All in praise will be profuse,
And you'll 'midst commendations live.

TELEGRAPH,

TELEGRAPH, May 2, 1795.

IMPROMPTU

ON PACKWOOD'S NEW-INVENTED RAZOR-STROP.

IN the compting-house the smart City blade,
Before he is dress'd for the shop,
The razor can flourish, what gives him the aid?
Why Packwood's ingenious Strop.

And see my lord's valet his shaving perform,
With a speed to astonish each gazer;
While his master is calm, his friends they all stern,
They are mad to possess such a razor.

Then to Packwood's repair, and your wishes possess,
And shave with a good inclination;
Your beards will come off with great ease and address,
Through the Strop that's the pride of the nation.

SUNDAY MONITOR, April 16, 1795.

EXTEMPORE

ON PACKWOOD'S RAZOR-STROPS.

SANS doute—Mr. Packwood, your elegant Stropps
Are the best that e'er mortal invented,
We have nothing to do but to lather our chops,
The razor soon makes us contented.

Surely magic herself has been lending her aid,
To assist in the brilliant invention:
And the fam'd Composition you also have made,
Should assuredly gain you a pension.

S I R,

My friend has experienced the salutary effects of your incomparable Razor Stropps, &c.—In the effusion of gratitude, penned the preceding lines.

Your most cordial well-wisher,

STUBBORN ROUGHBEARD.
TELEGRAPH,

TELEGRAPH, May 26, 1795.

A NEW SONG,

CALLED

THE RAZOR STROP.

To the Tune of—"The golden days of good Queen Bess."

IN this age of invention, improvement, and taste, fir,
 To the times greatest wonder, we'll immediately haste, fir;
 What is it preserves the most eminent station,
 But the new Razor Strop, the glory of the nation.

Thus happy such artists may now themselves confess;
 As in the ancient golden days of good Queen Bess.

When notches appear in your favorite knife, fir,
 Such the Strop will remove, and please you for life, fir;
 So much as to 'stonish with wonder each gazer,
 Who observes, with surprize, the progress of the razor.

Thus happy such artists, &c.

This strop, being adopted by every butler,
 Who wants a good edge, without going to the cutler;
 This problem, tho' strange, I can easily shew, fir;
 The blade that is worn is thus as good as new, fir.

Thus happy such artists, &c.

From the bottom of the town, why even to the top, fir,
 All folks are delighted with this genius's Strop, fir;
 That beards stiff as stubble, and corns, 'twill move with ease, fir;
 From the top to the toe, it all parties will please, fir.

Thus happy such artists, &c.

How pleasing it is, when your friseur begins, fir,
 To take off with ease the lather on your chin, fir;
 Which now is so smooth, that wife, maid, or miss, fir,
 May with pleasure receive and bestow a sweet kiss, fir.

Thus happy such artists, &c.

Then what shall we say to this man of great fame, fir?
 Who by superior merit is the cock of the game, fir;
 His name's spread abroad, so useful such a blade is;
 Gentlemen return their thanks, all praises from the ladies.

Thus happy such artists, &c.
Then

PACKWOOD'S WHIM.

17

Then when P——d repairs unto the world unknown, fir,
May peace, comfort, and pleasure, be always his own, fir;
For whether he's nodding, sleeping, or waking, fir,
His thought's on brother mortals in all his undertakings, fir;
Thus happy such artists may now themselves confess,
As in the ancient golden days of good Queen Bess,

ORACLE, June 11, 1795.

REJOICE! rejoice! O ye mortals, at the good news of Packwood's new-invented superior Razor Strop! By its power it will remove notches, if required, from any small instrument; by its power it will give a most delectable smooth edge to a razor, inasmuch that before the strop is proved, this advertisement is treated with indifference; but after the trial, then what is the encomium? Why, that they are worth their weight in gold, that the Proprietor deserves our thanks for so much comfort we receive from his ingenuity, and we are lost in admiration!

CALEDONIAN MERCURY, April 25, 1796.

WAYS AND MEANS.

PACKWOOD is certainly a most capital financier.—His Budget (of Razor Strops and Paste) this season is opened at RABURN'S Perfume Warehouse, No. 13, North Bridge-street, Edinburgh, with wonderful eclat; and he is determined that no beards in Scotland shall be taxed in future; a resolution which he has passed in every part of the kingdom. This determination will save government annually a revenue of torture, trouble, and anxiety; and is so adapted to essentially serve every individual, as well as the collective body of the people at large, as not to have met with a single dissentient voice. Even persons in opposition are not so opposite to their own interest as not to encourage what will secure them a surplus of satisfaction. Razor Strops, estimated in their value, to be worth their weight in gold, and sold only for a mere trifle.

C

SUNDAY

SUNDAY REFORMER, June 28, 1795.

THERE is a time and a season for all things, but now is the time for spreading: some spread manure on the land, others spread the linen; but the spreading of Paste, now is so much the rage, done by a whimsical mode of a whimsical fellow, that has given many persons the idea of bread and butter. This occasioned a remark from a facetious wag of the day, that **Packwood** (by spreading the Paste on his Razor Strops) had buttered his bread on both sides.

PUBLIC LEDGER, June 26, 1795.

NUTS! who will crack them? Paste! what's the use of it? Paste in buckles for an ornament;—Paste made into forced-meat balls to eat—but Paste was never so much in fashion as since **Packwood** has began to spread the Paste on his Razor Strops. By virtue of its uncommon power, it prevents ill humours in the matrimonial way, since gentlemen, by having their beards shaved with ease, sit down to breakfast with pleasure; and if they receive, or imagine they receive, (as is too common with both sexes), any provocation, they are in too good temper to retort. Oh, ladies! ladies! what are you indebted to **Packwood** for producing such an invention? and can you, from an instinct of gratitude, do any less than send your husbands, lovers, brothers, fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers, to the magazine appropriated for the sale of this super-superior Razor Strop.

TELEGRAPH, July 17, 1795.

IT is related, that Eve not being able for some time to persuade her husband to partake of the forbidden fruit, at last broke down a branch from the tree of knowledge, and making it into a cudgel, by that powerful argument soon prevailed upon him to taste it.*—The ladies of this age have also got a knowledge from the Strop of the tree that there is much comfort to be received from it; and to remove the frightful idea of a scrubbing-brush from the bearded phiz, have come to this determination, to use every persuasive argument in their power to encourage their lovers and husbands to get possession, if possible, of one or more of **Packwood's** superior Razor Strops.

MORNING

* Historical Sketches of the Fair Sex, chap. i. page 2. The original in the Universal History of All Nations, about the beginning of the 2d vol.

MORNING CHRONICLE, July 13, 1795.

A singular genius has proved himself an excellent arithmetician; he daily adds to his credit without subtracting from the merits of another; multiplies his celebrity, divides his ingenuity, among those who are best entitled to his gratitude; reduces the public opinion decidedly in his own favour, and by having a perfect knowledge of these rules, has become so competent a master of the rule of three, that his practice is the subject of universal admiration. He will never be at a loss while he has the heart of a customer to gain; his great knowledge of exchange has opened him an account current with the first personages in the kingdom; and he knows (by the power of his new-invented Razor Strop) to a fraction, what will suit the reigning taste of the age. A further discovery of those arts may be known by applying to Packwood himself.

MORNING POST, or FASHIONABLE WORLD,

Sept. 24, 1795.

THE term "good for nothing" is obsolete, and positively out of use. When a Surgeon had a dull instrument, his determination coincided with that of others—"it is good for nothing." When a blade of the desk had a bad knife, the discussion was tantamount to the same purpose—"it will not mend a pen, it is good for nothing." When a brother of the bone had a razor that left ruts in the chin, similar to those that are made by a broad-wheel waggon on a public road, the usual observation occurred—"it is good for nothing." But since PACKWOOD has, by the discovery of his celebrated PASTE, found a mode of successfully whetting the dullest of instruments, giving the smoothest edge to the worst of knives, and causing razors to perform their duty, as if by magic, does there remain a question, whether he is, or is not—"good for something," that can make so many good-for-nothings pleasing, useful, satisfactory, and agreeable.

OXFORD JOURNAL, June 11, 1796,

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

PACKWOOD is a good shot, is evident from the excellence with which he always takes his aim when practising his favourite diversion. The town has witnessed this on more accounts than one, but particularly when

he takes his favourite piece (the Razor Strop) which brings down his game at a greater distance than can be imagined, and does such execution, that a whole covey falls into his possession by a single pull of the trigger. Read this, ye lovers of the sport, make sure of your bird, by taking Packwood's advice; a comfortable shave, such as is not to be gained but by virtue of his Razor Strop, which is to be disposed of at the sign of the Naked Truth.

its name is the same as the sign of the Naked Truth.

NORTHAMPTON MERCURY, Sept. 26, 1795.

GOOD News for Northampton and its environs, looked for upwards of one thousand years back, a method to get a comfortable shave, which now is happily discovered in the use of PACKWOOD'S new-invention.

STAR, October 22, 1796.

THE execution of a young gentleman's sentence was postponed a few days ago at a school a few miles from town; his offended governor gave orders for the punishment to take place.—“I am so provoked (says the master) with his repeated ill-behaviour, that I'll give him such a strapping, to make him remember it as long as he lives.” The youth hearing the word strap, whispered his school-fellow in the ear, “Packwood for ever—my master likes to be in the fashion: I have no doubt but it is one of Packwood's Straps, that will take out notches—my father and mother said I should know the use of them bye and bye; they have made much fuss about them for twelve months past, and instead of punishment (my dear school-fellow do not grieve) I expect the comfort so much spoken of, more particularly if the box of PASTE is used.” The master desirous of knowing what rude expression might be uttered from his lips at such an awful time, was informed the wonders that had taken place by the use of Packwood's Straps. “They are a means to give ease to the cheek, comfort to the upper lip, a pleasant familiarity to the chin, and I hope (says the boy) an uncommon agreeable surprise to the whole body.” The case was, the punishment was postponed till his assertions were proved.—The master applied to PACKWOOD, Strop-maker to the whole World, No. 16, Gracechurch-street, London, for a Strop and a box of PASTE to keep it in order. The fact being clearly proved, a free pardon was announced, and the youth now is the greatest favourite in the school.

MORNING

MORNING-CHRONICLE, Oct. 29, 1795.

A few days ago was discovered in this metropolis, a most horrid monster, it looked malicious and spiteful; and when he was filled he even grudged the food that was given to another. We learn he gorged himself to such a degree, that he actually in his hurry, swallowed one of Packwood's boxes of Razor Paste, (by which his real name was discovered to be Envy,) but in cramming down his throat one of his incomparable Razor Stropps, it stuck so fast in the narrow part of his gullet, as to baffle the combined judgement of the heads of the faculty to remove it, and is expected to be a monitor for ages to come; may this be a warning to all whom it may concern, to be satisfied with the food that is allotted them, and not to attempt things so hard of digestion.

TRUE BRITON, Nov. 9, 1795.

IF you wish, fir, to shave—nay, pray look not grave,
Since nothing on earth can be worse,
To P——d* repair, you're shav'd to a hair,
Which I mean to exhibit in verse.

When in moving the beard—I wish to be heard—
The dull razor occasions a curse,
The Strop that I view will its merit renew;
Behold I record it in verse.

Some in fashion's routine disperse all their spleen,
And others their destinies curse;
But P——d's fine taste, with Stropps and his Paste,
Which I'll shew you in prose and in verse.

I have taken this plan to comment on a man,
Whose merit I'm proud to rehearse;
For a razor and knife he will sharpen for life,
And deserves ev'ry praise in my verse.

Sat'd, Nov. 6, 1795.

MORNING

• PACKWOOD, Razor Strop Maker to the Whole World, No. 16,
Gracechurch-street, London.

MORNING POST, or FASHIONABLE WORLD,

November 21, 1795.

THE proof of the pudding is in the eating.—The oldest man acknowledges he does not remember a finer harvest; and happy are those who have embraced the golden opportunity; amongst whom is PACKWOOD, who need not dread the approach of winter, since his granaries are well filled with his celebrated superior RAZOR STROPS, to remove notches from hard steel, by way of polishing, and boxes of Paste to keep them in order. But what is still more to his credit, is, his resolution of dispensing the store among his brothers of the blade, who may take a whet any day at his hospitable board in Gracechurch-street.

V E R S E S,

*Written extempore by a Gentleman immediately after
Shaving.*

WITH brittle beard and face scorbutic,
With razor dull, and soap quite caustic,
I suffered much; until my friend
For PACKWOOD'S RAZOR STROP did send,
And beg'd I would procure in haste
A pot of BRITISH SHAVING PASTE;
'Twas done, and straight a lather made,
A keen sharp edge put on the blade,
My beard cut off without grimace,
Or one wry feature on my face,
And what surprized me still the more,
No soreness left as heretofore;
With pleasure therefore I impart,
The grateful feelings of my heart,
And with the strictest truth make known,
This self-found maxim to the town,
"If you would shave with ease and taste,
"Use PACKWOOD'S STROPS and BRITISH PASTE."

Messrs. RAZOR STROP and SHAVING PASTE beg leave to inform the public, that they give constant attendance within, and will think themselves happy, either jointly or singly, to enter into any gentleman's service that shall please to employ them, not in the least doubting but they shall give the most compleat satisfaction.

MORNING

MORNING CHRONICLE, Nov. 9, 1795.

HOW great must P——'s fortune be,
 All instruments to set, fir,
 And what may not be thought of he,
 Who gives the town a whet, fir:
 And still to add unto his fame,
 This daily is the case, fir;
 But if you think I jest or game
 He'll prove it to your face, fir.

AN HALF-CROWN.

AN ANECDOTE.

BENEVOLENCE is a plant of quick growth, Eugenius, its delightful fragrance often rises from the young heart, and cheers the fainting child of sorrow;—I will give thee an example, and if thou doest not weep, I shall no longer boast that our souls are congenial; but, do I not know thee, my friend, thou thyself art a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief, the drops of sympathy will trickle down thy cheeks; wipe them not away, Eugenius, they smooth the wrinkles of age:—Dorinda, the eldest daughter of Mr. W——, has just entered her thirteenth year, she has heard the voice of adulation from a thousand tongues, but her ears incline to that of supplicating misery. One day in the dreary month of November, a load of fuel was laid at her father's door, a pale emaciated female offered her service to house it; the customary reward was but small, but what will not extreme want submit to: in the midst of this toilsome occupation, a heavy shower of rain obliged the distressed one to seek shelter beneath the hospitable roof of Mr. W——. Dorinda was at that moment following her mother across the hall, struck with the wretched object, they both stopped, and Mrs. W——, in the gentle tone of humanity, begged the poor woman would walk into the kitchen. Hast thou ever, Eugenius, in thy ramble through the unfrequented haunts of misery, seen a true portrait of complicated woe? think thou seest it now pictured to thy imagination; a woman yet in the prime of years sinking beneath the weight of sickness, poverty, and dejection, scarce able to support her tottering frame, yet courting the meanest offices of labour for a scanty pittance to supply nature's immediate cravings, and through a countenance clouded with anguish, displaying the native traits of innocence and candour; such was the female who now walked, or rather crawled, into Mr. W——'s kitchen. Pray sit down, said Mrs. W——, "you seem extremely ill?" "I am, indeed madam, very ill, but I hope

hope I shall be better bye and bye." "I hope so too, but you look quite faint, what is the matter with you?" "Alas, madam, it is but a fortnight since I laid in of a dear little boy, I have left it at home in the care of my eldest child, a girl of seven years old, and weak as you now see me I have ventured out that I might earn a little bread; if it does not please the Almighty to afford me strength sufficient to perform my task, I hope he will spare my life a few hours, and enable me to rejoin my children, that we may perish together." Dorinda sighed, screened herself behind her mother, and took her handkerchief and applied it to her eyes. "And why, said Mrs. W——, are you obliged to come out while you are so ill, is your husband dead?" "God forbid, I hope not; but indeed I know not where he is; poor man, I fear his mind is much unsettled on account of the distress into which he has brought his family. A few months ago we lived near Bolton, my husband earned ten shillings a week by weaving, and I could get about three shillings and six-pence by winding, we had plenty of good bread and cheese, with butter-milk and potatoes for the children all the week, and on Sunday we could afford a piece of meat for dinner, and a comfortable dish of tea in the afternoon. Oh, we were the happiest people in the world, my children were as clean as the best lady's in the land, and I looked on them with such pride and delight, but I shall never look at them so again; I was too proud, and it has pleased God to humble me." The tear filled her eye, but Dorinda saw it not, her's were at that moment too dim to discover any object. The poor woman continued her narrative—"Somebody or other, God forgive them, told my dear husband as how that if he would come to London he might get better pay for his work; you know, madam, every man who has a family is willing to do his best for them, we saved a little money and came hither; but lack a day, madam, there is very little weaving done here, he could get no employ, but now and then an odd job, such as getting in coals and running of errands; we paid eighteen pence a week for a little cellar near Bishopsgate-street, sometimes we had a bit of dry bread, and sometimes we were almost famished; my poor dear husband would look at his little babes and sigh, and then he would talk in such a melancholy way about going to sea, that my heart was like to burst; at last he came home one evening with two shillings and a penny oat-cake, which he divided into equal shares, and then he kissed us all, and looked quite happy; the next morning he went out early, and tho' it is full three months ago, we have neither seen nor heard any thing of him since. Oh, would to God he had staid with us, we would have toiled day and night, and been contented with a little; but he is gone, and perhaps we shall never see him again; my poor children have not had a morsel to eat these two days, and their father will see them no more before they die." Dorinda's handkerchief had been useless some time, the tears had coursed one another too fast down her innocent cheeks, sacred be the ground where they fell, and may no unfeeling mortal presume to trample on that hallow'd spot. The story was now become too pathetic, Dorinda left the room, but where did she go—not to her chamber to indulge a burst of grief—not to a circulating library, to divert it with a modern novel—Dorinda went to her desk—

what

PACKWOOD'S WHIM.

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what to do there? says Eugenius. I will tell thee, there lay a little hoard, a precious HALF-CROWN, once perhaps destined to purchase a ribband, or some fashionable gewgaw, but it was reserved for a nobler purpose: It was the whole of Dorinda's little stock—she took it up and kissed it, smiling thro' her tears. Softly stealing down stairs, she hastened into the kitchen, and unperceived by any, but a fond mother's attentive eye, slipped the HALF-CROWN into the poor woman's hand; with a promise she would use her interest with her friend Mr. PACKWOOD to procure her some employ for the present in his Manufactory.* There was no pride no ostentation, no wish for thanks—in this, it was the pure movement of the purest benevolence, and Dorinda must remember it with pleasure as long as she lives, and all who hears this story, I hope will agree with me, as a reward, to wish her a good husband, that she may enjoy comfort and felicity here, and everlasting happiness hereafter. Need I add, that Mrs. W—— seconded the kindness of her daughter, and that both exerted their utmost efforts to make the poor family happy.

TELEGRAPH, Jan. 1, 1796.

To Mr. G. PACKWOOD,

*Superior Razor Strop Maker, Gracechurch-Street,
London.*

DEAR PACKWOOD, I now can no longer withstand,
Giving praise to whom praises are due;
As the finest invention on Britain's fair land,
We owe, my dear fellow, to you.

Receive many thanks from a bosom sincere,
The tribute from gratitude flows;
The cause, I must have, such a friend to revere,
Ev'ry day, fresh experience shews.

My chin, which was once like a hedge-hog so rough,
Is as sleek and as smooth as my hand;
And my beard, which was wont to be bristly and tough,
In vain tries the steel to withstand.

D

Ev'ry

* GEORGE PACKWOOD's Manufactory for the celebrated RAZOR STROPS and PASTE, No. 16, Gracechurch-street, London; where a number of Families are kept constantly employed.

PACKWOOD'S WHIM.

Ev'ry knife I have got, by your excellent Paste,
Is restor'd to its primary blade,
And I shave with astonishing pleasure and haste,
Such improvements your science has made.

My thanks you deserve, as you cause me to save,
In soap, many guineas a year ;
For, without any trouble, I frequently shave
Myself dry, and without the least fear.

'Tis a duty we owe to the Public at large,
To make known thy most useful invention :
And the good we receive at so trifling a charge,
Makes thy fame quite beyond all contention.

Continue the patron of such useful arts !
Continue thy ardent endeavours :
And all will, while gratitude reigns in their hearts,
Reward with fresh merited favours.

AN UNKNOWN FRIEND:

TELEGRAPH, Feb. 4, 1796.

A DIALOGUE

Between a JEW and a CHRISTIAN.

Levi. MAISHTER Frolick, I vash glad to see you : you have been very goot friend to me ; never met with better friend in all my life.

Frolick. That friendship you give me credit for, I trust will be shewn by you to others : from many instances I have known of your generosity, you have a good heart, and the pains you have taken to relieve your nephew from his difficulties is a proof—altho' he did not know at that time from whence the benevolence arose.

Levi. Dere ish a shecret pleasure in sharving our broder or neighbour, dat may need our affluence, which we may consider given to us for dose purposhes. De boy vash vild—but tankful to de giver of all good tings. I did not want a monitor to shave him from distuction. He ish now in mine house.

Frolick. The soul of an Howard in the body of an Israelite ! The secret enjoyment of doing good seems to be your only reward. But Levi, I thought none of your tribe ever underwent the operation of shaving.

Levi. Dat depends upon shircumstances. I hope Maishter Frolick you do not forget in the grand history of de Vorld, dat ve ourselves

shelves vash de preshident to shaveing, for ve learn dat Joseph belonged to our tribe, de son of dat goot old Patriarch of old. He vas shav'd to appear before Pharo; by such examples we are taught cleanliness. But de most material invitation ish de comfort ve receive by de use of our goot friend PACKWOOD's new-invented Rashor Strop, by which it sheems you have no knowledge of—by the appearance of your fashe, dat is torn and mangled in so treadful a manner, dat I tink you will remember shaveing so long as you live.

Frolick. I must confess I have been too great a sufferer to trust to the same operator in future.

Levi. Ha! ha! a burnt childsh dreadsh de fire; but you musht follow de example of our goot peoples, whom Maishter Packwood ish leading at dikh time into de strait road of preshent happiness; he givish ease to de cheek, comfort to de upper lip, a pleasant familiarity to de shin, and an uncommon agreeable shurprishe to our bearded tribe, by virtue of hish incomparable Rashor Strop, vish sharpensh my rashor to so keen an edge, dat maketh my touch old beard come off so eathey, dat instead of de pain and torturesh I formerly endured, it sheems to put me in mind of a pleasant story given by Mishtrersh Hazel, de Crishten, of de feirst part of matrimonish honey moonsh. O she vas very goot Voman.

Frolick. Mrs. Hazel's goodness, I suppose was like your shaving, it depended upon circumstances, ha, ha, ha.

Levi. Ah! maishter Frolick, don't you tink to laugh me out of Packwood's Rashor Strap, dat ish worth itsh weight in gold, and shold only for 3s. 6d. 5s. and 10s. 6d. ash you may shee by de bills of his shop; and anoder goot ting, he shelh a box of paste for 2s. 6d. to keep de Strop in order for yearsh; and anoder goot ting, he takish dem back after a reasonable trial of a week, if not approved of, eider for want of shugment in de use of it or odervise.

Frolick. You seem a great advocate for Packwood, and if what you say be true I have reason to rejoice too, for I do not know any thing more agreeable than a comfortable shave.

Levi. You have reason to shay so, if you take my advish, and be particular when you buy. Shee dat Packwood's name ish on de Strop, and on de bills round de box of Paste, and a seal on with the impresshion of a bird, and the word FIDELLE, ash impossishions are libale (from de beginning of de world unto dikh day) to be practised by humble immitations on all such valuable articles. Dere ish dat horrid monster, envy, still lives in de world, and has de modesty to offer a counterfeit instead of de real Strop. O, dat ish no goot—no goot by such proceedings. A generous public musht be very much injured, execpt dey vash as valuable in every respect but dere may be shome risk. O, it ish goot to be carefull.—Maishter Packwood vishes every honest man a goot living by

PACKWOOD'S WHIM.

his trade (even in Razor Strops). But I will tell you a story on dis business;—A shentleman, a few days ago, called on a shop-keeper, and gave him a verry shevere reprimand for imposing upon him one of dose pirated Strops, when he requested one of Packwood's. Do you know, shays the shentleman, dat you are ansherable to your customers, for all such mal-practishes. Dose vilfull mishtakes, shays the shentleman, are unparonable; I shall mark your shop in future. I hope dis will be a varning to all de goot peoples, not to deceive deir goot customers. De shentlemens of descemmet, belonging to different laboratories, have paid Maishter Packwood verry high encomiums, on the excellent properties and fineness of de composition belonging to de Rashor Strop; vat it ish composed of, ish bet known to himself, ash he admits of no one being a partaker of dat grand shecret. De Strop acts vith great power, in as much ash it removish notches from a rashor or small knifesh, ash if by magic. De ladish are very much pleashed such a man vash dropped into de vorld, to remove de scrubbing-brush from mansh beardsh, it vould de you goot to shее de different fachessh come to maishter Packwood's shop, some smiling, some laughing, and some vith a broad grin; some to praise, and oders to buy. He shells goot rashors. He told me ash a shecret, that de virtue of de Strop makesh a small knifesh, or an old rashor cut so vell, dat it prevents the sale of many goot rashors.

Frolick. Pray where does this wonderful, high-flying, miraculous, outlandish, never heard of before, uncommon Jew of ingenuity live.

Levi. He ish no shew—he ish a very friendly christian—he vishes vell to all mankind, and he trusts all mankind vishes vell to him. He might have been a shew, if his relations had been of our tribe; but he ish very vell satisfied vith de shale of his Rashor Strops. He livesh in de great city of London, No. 16, Gracechurch-street. De Rashor Strops ish shold at de sign of de Naked Truth, in different parts of de three kingdoms.

Frolick. Very comfortable information indeed.

Levi. Oh, my verry goot friend, your happiness ish to come if you takesh my advice, your shin vill not be put in purgatory any more. Farewell.

Frolick. Farewell, Levi. I shall meet you upon 'Change.

Now I'll to Packwood's with the greatest haste,
To buy the Strop that whets the public taste;
Though unbelievers will not think it true,
A Christian may take pattern by a Jew.

GLOUCESTER

GLOUCESTER JOURNAL, Jan. 25, 1796.

BROTHERS THE PROPHET.—Has he actually done more for us poor mortals than any other man?—There is a mortal now living in London, who does not stile himself a prophet, has a numerous body of converts, and all who follow him have a proof, they are in the straight road to present happiness, by virtue of his new-invented Superior Razor Strops. The leading convert is Mr. ADDIS, of Gloucester.

S U N, February 24, 1796.

*Small Childrens Amusement ; and a Comfort to those of
a Larger Growth.*

THIS is the Strop that Packwood made.

This was the PASTE that was spread on the Strop that Packwood made.

This is the Razor, that was whetted on the PASTE, that is spread on the Strop that Packwood made.

These are the Notches, which are removed from the Razor, by whetting it on the PASTE, that is spread on the Strop that Packwood made.

This is the Barber, that removed the notches from the Razor, by whetting it on the PASTE, that is spread on the Strop that Packwood made.

This is the man that was shaved by the barber, that removed the notches from the Razor, by whetting it on the PASTE, that is spread on the Strop that Packwood made.

This is the fair Damsel—see her pleasures increase ;
The rough beard is remov'd, left like down in its place ;
Great enjoyment she takes in her lover's smooth face.

that was kissed by the man that was shav'd by the barber, that removed the notches from the Razor, by whetting it on the PASTE, that is spread on the Strop that Packwood made.

SUNDAY MONITOR, Feb. 14, 1796.

MONEY MATTERS.

G. PACKWOOD presents his most grateful respects to the nobility, gentry, and ladies in particular, for their kind indulgence for past favours,

favours, and takes the liberty to inform them, however superior is the excellence of his Razor Strops, and acknowledged to be worth their weight in gold; they, like the human frame, and other things, want a recruit from time to time, which is done with one drop of oil, or some of his excellent Paste, about once in two or three months, or oftener, if required, for which purpose he humbly recommends a box of Paste, that will last for years; or, if more agreeable, Packwood will at all times supply the Strop with fresh Paste for the small charge of one shilling; yet, in return for the honour of favours conferred, candidly thinks it his duty to recommend the former as most profitable to the purchasers.

PUBLICAN'S DAILY ADVERTISER, Feb. 17, 96.

A NEW SONG,
On RAZOR-STROPS.

From a Man that kept the Shop of a Barber, Carpenter, and Taylor.

To the Tune of—"DICKY GOSSIP."

I.

AS I have a knowledge of some occupations,
A line of advice to my juniors I'll give,
*Twill make them succeed in their several vocations,
And I'll teach those folks life who would with, sir, to live.

Packwood's Paste, sir, and Strop,
I adopt in my shop,
They both come as pat as they can,
Thus at shaving and tooth-drawing,
Bleeding, cabbaging, and sawing,
Spread the fame of Packwood's Strops, he's your man.

II.

Sirs, since I've obtained this Strop for the razor,
The hair from the chin I so easily shave,
That with rapt'rous amazement I surprize every gazer,
So all my assistance most heartily crave.

Packwood's Paste, sir, and Strop, &c.

When

PACKWOOD'S WHIM:

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III:

When my sheers wants a whet on this excellent Pafte, fir,
Now this I inform you, fir, under the rose,
I cut out so neatly, the thing done in taste, fir,
Then who can my skill, or my merit oppose.

Packwood's Pafte, fir, and Strop, &c.

IV.

When pursuing the trade of a carpenter so handy,
My chissel this pafte, fir, will quickly repair,
That I seem so dext'rous, all call me the dandy,
And Packwood expells from my breast ev'ry care,

Packwood's Pafte, fir, and Strop, &c.

V.

Then barbers and joiners, and doctors so various,
If any of your implements are wanting an edge,
To Packwood's repair, the trouble not precarious,
To put them in tune he his honour will pledge.

Packwood's Pafte, fir, and Strop, &c.

To Mr. PACKWOOD, superior Razor Strop Maker to the whole World,
No. 16, Gracechurch-street, London; and his Agents, at the sign of the
Naked Truth, in different quarters of the globe.

TIMES, Feb 5, 1796.

A FACT.

THE Public opinion on the power of Packwood's superior Razor Strop,
agree that it is worth its weight in gold, and acknowledge their face
to be cleaner in the evening (by the use of the Strop) than it used to be
immediately after shaving in the morning.

TELEGRAPH, January 27, 1796.

A Dispute of a very serious nature was near upon taking place a few days
ago, between a gentleman and a tradesman. I here give it verbatim
question and answer, as it was:

GENT.

GENT. Sir, I purchased an article some time ago, of your recommending; I find it does not answer my expectation, and I demand satisfaction.

TRAD. You shall have every satisfaction you require; but pray what article could that be, bought in my shop, as my goods are all warranted.

GENT. It is nothing less than one of Packwood's new-invented Razor Strops, to remove notches, here it is, look at it.

TRAD. Did you ever read the directions on the outside of the Strop?

GENT. No.

TRAD. Did you ever find it useful?

GENT. I cannot deny, at first, but it answered my most sanguine expectations; indeed I found my face smoother in the evening than with the use of other Strops, directly after shaving in the morning, but of late the Strop has fallen off very much.

TRAD. (Thus addressed him) So shall you and I fall off, if after breakfast we are not supplied with a dinner, and after that something on the next day; and this Strop is lost for want of a supply of Paste. Pray how long have you had it?

GENT. About three or four months.

TRAD. I see this Strop has attracted so much of the steel by application, as to prevent its use; and you confess you have neglected to read the red directions on the Strop, which runs thus, to spread on the paste, about once in two or three months, or oftener, if required. This keeps the Strop always in good order, and as good as new. The consequence was, the gentleman bought a box of Paste, and the affair was happily adjusted, only he called again in a more calm manner to acknowledge his error, in not reading the label on the Strop, and left this advice for the future, never to sell a Strop without strongly recommending a box of Razor Paste with it, as one without the other, is like a flint without the steel.

TRUE BRITON, March 10, 1796.

Packwood's New string of Conundrums.

WHY is a dull Razor like a famished man?

Because he wants a whet.

Why is Packwood's Paste unlike the stocks?

Because it never falls, but always rises in the public opinion.

Why is Packwood's Strop unlike the present lottery?

Because every purchaser draws a prize.

Why is a person that has been shaved with a blunt-edged razor, like another on the brink of marriage?

Because each wishes the business over.

And why is the inventor himself like a clergyman,

Because he is never out of orders.

ORACLE,

ORACLE, April 6, 1796.

*Bengal Shipping Intelligence to different parts of the
Globe, as well as the East and West Indies, and
America.*

MERCHANTS, Captains of ships, and the different traders; will find it a valuable acquisition to be put in mind of articles the most useful; such as will tell to the best account, and take up little room in stowage. What say you for a venture of PACKWOOD'S Paste and Razor Strops; which are acknowledged to be worth their weight in gold.

TRUE BRITON, April 13, 1796.

A LESSON FOR LOVERS; OR THE

VIRTUE of the RAZOR STROP.

*Addressed to PACKWOOD'S Repository, No. 16; Grace-
church-street, London.*

THE Paphian Queen, who's so fond of this isle;
Lately paid it a visit, and paid it in style;
And ev'ry morning she thought it her duty
Us mortals to please with a sight of her beauty.
Some days to St. James's she'd carelessly saunter;
Where the wits of the age tried in vain, fir, to daunt her;
For a goddess has more than a mortal's assurance,
Tho' that oft' has been said to be past all endurance.
But going through Cornhill, she met a young swain,
And plainly perceiv'd love had caus'd all his pain.
Her heart being soften'd, thus to him she said,
"Take courage; my lad—nay, you're lost if afraid;
"To Packwood, my agent, for comfort repair,
"He'll give you a face that shall soften your fair;
"His strop shall those bristles that fright me remove,
"And the maid shall exchange all her hatred to love."
The youth bow'd obedience, to Gracechurch-street went,
And told Packwood the errand on which he was sent.
Packwood smil'd, and display'd the best goods in his shop;
His most fav'rite Paste—his most excellent Strop.
The youth purchas'd both, since he each much approv'd,
And obtain'd what he wanted—the maid that he lov'd.
Thus Venus with kind and ineffable grace,
Has giv'n Packwood the means to improve on the face.

E

TOWN

TOWN and COUNTRY HERALD, April

23, 1796.

To the Editor of the Country Herald.

S I R,

THE dumplings not being boiled enough yesterday, owing to the ignorance of the cook, who pleaded an excuse about the number that was given to her, by whose authority she had to act under, permit me to observe a singular hint that was started on the subject, intended to be of service to the public at large; that is, when you call a coach off the stand, or otherwise, always take notice of the number before you get in; and the same precaution is equally necessary of a boat, as well as many incidents that occur in life. I myself observed, a few days ago, a lady get out of a coach. Although I was no ways interested in the affair, I took the number of the coach. After a fruitless search, the lady applied to me, as she had noticed my observations, if I could assist her in her difficulties, as she had left therein a parcel of some value. I gave her the number of the coach, and she applied to the office at Somerset-house, obtained a knowledge of the coach-yard, and there received the property very safe, and I had the pleasure to receive her thanks for my information. The same holds good in matrimony. Make your observation on the number the family is of before you enter into it; for there is as many bad numbers in families as you can possibly find in the lottery. But one of the most material numbers in life that draws my attention is in London; that is to say, in Gracechurch-street, No. 16; there a comfort for life is to be obtained at a very small expence, by virtue of Packwood's Razor Strops, acknowledged to be worth their weight in gold, and the naked truth given into the bargain.

A FRESH-STROPP'D RAZOR.

 TELEGRAPH, April 25, 1796.

A DIALOGUE

Between a WELCHMAN and an IRISHMAN.

TAFFY.—A coot mornning to you, friend, how to you do? Py the leek of St. Tavid, you look so coot and well as though you had lived upon buttermilk all your life.

PADDY.—I'll tell you the sequel of the story before I open my mouth, by the hopes of the family of the O'Neals, you must know I am a full boddyed

boddyed man in the face, only by getting fat look ye, I am a little two long waisted in the arms. I have had a good misfortune happen to me this day. I was sent with a letter, and a basket full of live partridges, as a present to a gentleman; I heard the partridges on my head fighting and fluttering. I opened the basket to quiet them, and see what was the matter, and out they all flew. I afterwards gave the gentleman the letter before the basket; and he says to me, Paddy, I find in this letter a dozen of partridges. Upon my conscience, I was very glad to hear it, as they had left me behind on the road some miles before. I have met with you now on purpose by accident, to let you see I am alive; and how do you find yourself when you are very bad, my friend. You look as sharp as the wind that whistles round your native mountains.

TAFFY.—Hur was well, and in coot condition. Hur has just peen shaving hurself, and made use of hur coot friend Packwood's Razor Strop. O, it is such a telightful sensation and pleasurs to trim hur whiskers, to what it was formerly, that now hur can go about hur business with comfort and satisfaction; that all the world must admire the most onderfull of all onderfull alterations.

PADDY.—Arrah, but I always took you for a Welchman by trade. O, but I've got your meaning now; I heard you wink with both your eyes; and so, my jewel, you are to whet the strop upon the razor, in order to take away the face from the beard; that is most excellent modern philosophy; and the great man, I think his name is Packwood, upon my conscience; but he does pack up the wood in a very decent manner. Arrah, honey, but he will make a scarcity of timber by the bargain, for you must know, by his converting all the oak and ash to his own use, for his Razor Strops and Pafte, by this means he may be liable to be taken up as a monopoliser of provisions for the shipping, and then, honey, he will be no friend to the barber, whatever he may be to the cutler.

TAFFY.—O, there is no fear of friend Packwood being taken up, the ladies will soon take him down again; hur wife has taken particular notice of him to hur pripple prapple acquaintance. Hur says, hur tear Taffee looks young again; and inteed hur ownself knows after whetting hur Razor on hur Strop, it cuts so delectably smooth. When hur is taking off hur peard the like was never een, although hur peard was before as stiff as stubble. Hur have not such treasure—no, not in all Aberganey—its as pleasant as riding on horseback.

PADDY.—I know, Taffy, you are a cleaver fellow on horseback, when you are mounted on your nanny goat; but this is good news for Irishman as well as Welchman; you must know, Taffy, when I ride on horseback, and means to take a flying leap over a five bar gate, I take care to see it opened first. To be sure Packwood has had a fine leap at fame in Ireland since I came from there. Upon my honor, I believe he is a greater curiosity than the Colossus at Rhodes, for that, you see, only covers a little bit of dry water, whereas Packwood's fame and reputation has covered all the whole land of England, Ireland, Scotland, and all the continental islands in the Sea.

TAFFY

TAFFY.—That is coot, that is hur fame, the very place where all the people may restore themselves from the painful operation of shaving, and comfort receive in its stead.

PADDY.—Arrah, my honey, the Dublin Morning Chronicle, dated 6th of April, 1796, declares how highly the Strops are praised, and recommended by those WHO NEVER TRIED THEM; by this means I am likely to be converted. Dull Razors shall no more trouble little Paddy O'Neale—no more shall master barber take him by the nose and make him suffer purgatory before his time. And while there is one of Packwood's Strops in the nation that will remove a saw out of a notch. He is appointed Razor Strop maker to the four quarters of the globe, and I find all the other quarters intend to encourage his wonderful art as soon as convenient, I beg Taffy you will call on me when you go some other way, I live with John Cow, and you must know he is as good natured a bull as ever you saw in all your life, O should I not be very glad to see you, yes and to be sure I should, honey, I still live at the same place where I did, only I am moved, that is to say, where they let lodgings to single men and their wives. I desire you for old acquaintance sake go to the next tavern, O'Conner Maciaughlin's, and call for a bottle of wine, stop till I come, as I am now going to Packwood's, in Gracechurch-Street, London, to buy a Razor Strop, and may never see you no more.

DUBLIN PUBLIC REGISTER, or FREEMAN'S JOURNAL, April 26, 1796.

PACKWOOD, like all men of sterling merit, has got a number of enemies; on account of that very useful invention, his incomparable **RAZOR STROP**. The good people in this city did not begin to shew their friendship until above 10,000 Razor Strops were sold by **SIMMONS**, in Capel-Street: To keep Razors in order was a pest, until these useful Strops were known, some drones in this city, appear to possess as much kindness as ability, and after dabbling in paste, for a long time, with a view to rival Packwood, his Razor Strops are still like a diamond of the first water.

EVENING STAR, April 30, 1796.

ANECDOTE.

"All's well that ends well."

AN arch wag, a few days ago, was discovered by a gentleman in the country, coming up to town on horseback. On his way through Highgate

Highgate, he noticed a boy whistling time away as he went along, and accosted him with—"Well, my lad, what's your business on this road, so early this morning?" "I'm striking off (says the boy) to thicken field yonder, to mark my measter's sheep." "What have you got in your pot, my lad?" "Zum tar, zur," replied the boy. "I will give you a lift so far as you go my way, (says the gentleman) if you will get up behind me and ride." "I thank you, zur," (says the boy) and up he got on horseback; and the gentleman thus addressed him:—"Mark me well, my lad." "I do, zur," says the boy. "Do you never eat brown bread when you can get white, except you like the brown bread best. Mark me well, my lad." "I do, zur," says the boy. "And furthermore, when you grow up to be a man, never buy a common Razor Strop, when you can get one of Packwood's superior Razor Strops, except you like the common Strop best." "Aye, aye, (says the boy) that superior Strop ha bin wounded servis in our parts: I know Will Thrush cou'dn't get Moll Skim, with her hundred pounds, a while he had un. To mov' the scrubbing-brush of Wills's face, I vaith he sent all the way vor un to 16, Gracechurch-street, Lunnon, and Will lends it my grandmother sometimes to shorpen her old knife to trim her whiskers, and cut her quirns, and the old woman is as pleased with it as punch." "Very well, (says the gentleman) mark me well, my lad." "I have got no more far, un I thank you for my ride, zur." The case was, the gentleman found to his cost, the boy had been MARKING the back of his coat all the way, till his pot of tar was empty; and the taylor, when taking measure, on hearing the story, exclaimed with a smile, "'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good."

CORK GAZETTE and GENERAL ADVERTISER, June 1, 1796.

A F A C T.

EXPERIENCE has given rise to a curious acknowledgement in Great Britain, received from the county of Nottingham; that the first shave from the use of Packwood's Razor Strop is worth all the money paid for it. By this clear evidence, all the comfort received afterwards will be gratis.

PUBLICAN'S MORNING ADVERTISER, May 9, 1796.

CROSS READINGS.

SHORT crops are now in fashion all over the country—When his lordship ordered the price of bread to continue as before.

Coals

Coals sold from forty-five to fifty shillings in the Pool—A number of villains was concerned in this *black* affair.

On Wednesday last a young man cut his throat with a razor—This is the Strop that Packwood made.

A tradesman's wife put an end to her existence—The lucky office is near Holborn Bars.

Yesterday a gentleman shot himself at his house in Piccadilly—
N. B. One small pill is a dose.

TOWN and COUNTRY HERALD, May 14,
1796.

MR. PACKWOOD.

SIR,

THE celebrity of your New Invented Strops, induces me to send the following *Parody of Hamlet's Soliloquy*, which I trust you will think worth the postage.

"To shave, or not to shave? that is the question."—Whether 'tis better for a man to suffer the grisly beard to grow upon his chin, or cut it off at once? To shave with ease, to clear the stubbled face—'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.—To shave with ease; to shave! Perchance to tear; aye, there's the rub; for while we shave the thick rough hairs away, the razor's edge will pluck them by the roots, or checked turn inward on the tender flesh: then trickles down the blood, and the sharpe pain smarting the face, makes cowards of us all.—But who would bear these rubs and ghastly cuts, when he himself might his *quietus* make with PACKWOOD'S New Invented Strop.—*Hail London Town! Hail Gracechurch-Street! and No. 16, bail!* That makes my healthful face both clean and fair.

A. S.

DEVIZES, MAY 5, 1796.

TELEGRAPH, May 16, 1796.

A Conversation between an English Sailor and a French Barber.

JACK RATLIN. Mounseur, weigh anchor and shove off the jib sheet that hangs before the mast here (putting his hand up to his beard).

FRISEUR.

FRISEUR. Sare, I defy any Gentleman of de Comb to perform better the business den your tres-humble serviteur.

JACK RATLIN. Shiver my timbers but this shave is like sailing before the wind in a pleasant gale, Mounseur. For your advantage I will open my port-holes for the benefit of my brother Tars, as they have been upon the barber's tack, sailing against the wind, till their faces are cut to pieces.

FRISEUR. Ce plaisir you receive belong to de merit of Mounseur PACKWOOD, of No. 16, Grace-church-street, proprietor of this new invented Razor Strop, la voila, (presenting the Strop) *ma foi*.

JACK RATLIN. Avaft, you lubber, let me try my knife; may I never cross the Line again if it does not take out the notches as if by magic. Mounseur, are you sure it is not enchanted.

FRISEUR. It's most likely dat you will be enchanté with the excellence, comme tout le monde before you, as le noble, le marchande, le docteur, le cutler, le tonser, &c. &c. &c.

JACK RATLIN. Let me look: again strike my colours, if this is not the same Packwood that I see in all quarters. I have seen his name east, west, north, and south; and even in crossing the line, for his naked truth is lashed to our main-mast, as we had a heavy lading of his ware on board. But splice me to a worse mate than Bet Doxey at the Point, if I had the least knowledge what a valuable cargo we had on board till now.

FRISEUR. Dere is the satisfaction tres bien on all occasions. Packwood satisfy me I shave easy by his directions; that is, I keep the raser flat on the face; I get credit, I get praise, and what is more I get de pay in dese hard times—encore, encore.

JACK RATLIN. Heave a head there Mounseur, I must inform you before I set sail, when Bet is cutting her corns, or I am shaving my physz, we'll think on him whose sails being filled with ingenuity and invention, may ensure him a prosperous gale through life.—Farewell, mess-mate.

LONDON CHRONICLE, May 17, 1796.

FAME has been more liberal to one individual, than ever was expected could come to the share of any one man. I will give you one instance of her modest information: it was communicated to me in detailing the virtues of the new-invented Razor Strop: says she, the bashfulness of the Proprietor prevents him doing justice to himself, when he only speaks of its good effects, such as taking notches out of carving knives, &c. By keeping so much within the bounds of moderation, he has neglected to inform you of a gentleman, soon after he had purchased one of the superior Razor Strops; the gardener complaining his ragstone was insufficient to whet

PACKWOOD'S WHIM.

When his scythe, the Strop was produced, and by giving it two or three touches, he not only found it cut the grass with facility, but he also cut down six elm trees that stood in his way. This was declared in the presence of the Naked Truth.

MORNING CHRONICLE, May 28, 1796.

IT is said, that such is the demand at this moment for playing cards, that the manufacturers of them work from seven in the morning till ten at night, and their customers from ten at night till seven in the morning. Packwood, the celebrated Razor Strop Maker, in the city of London, has not laid so heavy an injunction on his customers; although he works early and late at his manufactory in Gracechurch-street, it is for this purpose that his customers may have an agreeable shave in the morning, by the use of his Razor Strop, and afterwards sit down comfortably with their family to breakfast, without being out of temper, as formerly, from the exquisite pain left on the face by an atrocious razor.

TELEGRAPH, June 1, 1796.

ELECTIONEERING INTELLIGENCE.

GEORGE PACKWOOD, we hear, is returned for the county of STROP, with very little opposition.

TIMES, June 1, 1796.

*On the great Fall of the Price of Wheat in the Spring
of the Year 1796.*

LATELY, a FARMER chanc'd to pop
His head into a barber's shop,
Begg'd to be shav'd; it soon was done,
When Strop (inclin'd oft times to fun,)
Doubling the price he'd ask'd before,
Instead of two-pence, made it four:
The Farmer said, "You sure must grant
"Your charge is most exorbitant!"

Not so—(quoth STROP) I'm right, and you are wrong,
For since wheat fell, your face is twice as long.

Banbury, Oxfordshire, May 24, 1796.

COURIER,

COURIER, June 1, 1796.

*A Receipt for a bad Razor, or a Cure for a tender Face,
covered with a hard bristly Beard.*

TAKE of good soap and clean *aqua-fontaine*, *quantum sufficit*, and blend them together till you raise a good lather; then work it well into the beard with a brush, &c. take a razor, it is immaterial whether good or bad, but get possession of one of Packwood's best Razor Strops, which will have the desired effect; the Strop will cure the dull edge in a bad razor, according to directions, give it an acute edge to shave a tender face, and a trial will convince the most incredulous into admiration.

The above may be taken externally any hour of the day, but the most proper season is the first, second, or third thing done in a morning.

N. B. One good Strop is a dose.

ORACLE, June 2, 1796.

"Better late than never."

IF a man becomes more fortunate in the middle age of life, by some peculiar blessing bestowed upon him, he, like the rest of mankind, seems to repine he had not received it at a more early period. This, with other things, is a convincing proof that little short of the grave will satisfy man, even if he had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth. There is a current report spread abroad by persons (I do not say the ladies,) that are in possession of all the comforts of late recommended to mankind: but their extravagance cannot be accounted for in wishing Packwood had been dropped on the earth half a century ago, for this reason, he might have contributed to the comfort of mankind in an earlier stage of life, as well as the present.

PACKWOOD'S WHIM.

HIBERNIAN JOURNAL, June 8, 1796.

London, May 23.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

LAST week was tried a cause of great importance to the commercial trade of this city, as well as to every individual at large: It was proved in clear evidence, by ocular demonstration, that a certain perfumer in credit, who had been looked up to with the greatest respectability in this city, did clandestinely and wilfully utter and sell a base counterfeit Razor Strop and a box of Paste, and imposed it upon his customers for the make of Packwood. After the Jury had examined the evidence, they viewed the article in question, found it a bad imitation, although it might deceive the unwary, and the label on the Strops marked with a pen and red ink, and the maker's name erased and torn off; the Paste on the counterfeit Strop and box of Paste when compared, are of a dirty brown colour, and Packwood's of a dark red colour; but what threw the greatest light on the deception that was working on the public credulity, the article in question was wrapped up with one of Packwood's bills, recently procured, with a few of Packwood's goods, to carry on the deceit. The jury without hesitation, or going out of court, found a verdict for the plaintiff, with twenty pounds damages.—And we hear Mr. Simmons of Capel-street, has authority to carry on prosecutions against others guilty of similar offences. It was observed in court, such a tradesman was dangerous to society.

PACKWOOD's pride in having customers of respectability, no matter how pressing for the goods; even the offer of ready cash on receipt will avail nothing, except they are of good fame and character; the publication of the following letter addressed to him, is a convincing proof of this truth, from one more elevated in the world than the generality of mankind.

*To Mr PACKWOOD, No. 16, Gracechurch-Street,
London.*

WIMBLEDON COMMON, MAY 11, 1796.

J. ABERSHAW presents his compliments to Mr. PACKWOOD, would be obliged to him to send as soon as possible, half a dozen Razor Strops with a couple of Razors. Having heard that they are in such great repute, shall set out for the country the beginning of next week, so
beg

beg not to be disappointed. Hope to spread your reputation in the country as much as in London. The money will be paid down on receipt of the same.

N. B. If you should be at a loss to find out my abode, enquire at the Rose and Crown, Wimbledon.

On the Tuesday following, Mr. Packwood went with the order down to Wimbledon in due form, and took other goods with him that the gentleman might have his choice before he set out on his journey; he enquired the gentleman's abode according to directions, and was informed his station was on the Common, but his character not the most respectable: hundreds were ready to wait upon him on his first coming there, but his behaviour was so abominable as to shock all beholders, and few of his friends visited him afterwards, except out of curiosity. Mr. Packwood took disgust, and refused to pay him the intended visit, on account of his ill fame, and returned home with his goods for the comfort of a more worthy customer.

After the expence of his journey he found, to his cost, J. Abershawe was no other than a daring and most infamous character, gibbeted last Summer on Wimbledon Common.

THE hungry and all nature on earth, are supplied from time to time with nutriment, as well the animate as the inanimate. The country foot-boy finds he cannot clean his master's knives the year round without a recruit, this example is borrowed from his own cravings, for, says he, after breakfast I look forward for a dinner, and so on to supper, and to keep the knife-board in proper order, he does not forget to remind his master with, "zur, zur, I want some more brick-doust," this may not be inapplicable to a Razor Strop, more particular that made by Packwood, to keep it always in good order, it must be supplied with fresh Paste at least about once in two or three months, or if dry, one drop of sweet oil, rubbed on with the finger, will have a good effect.

AGAINST EXTRAVAGANT WISHES.

AN ANECDOTE.

TO wish for vain things, which most probably is not likely to come to your share, is like the fable of the dog and the shadow; the author in his time, has had his wish, and the highest ambition of his wishes for worldly affairs, in regard to riches, was for an independency of fifty pounds per annum, he does not mean that sum to keep him in idleness, because that is the root of all evil, neither does he mean it to support a

house in Grosvenor-square, but considers contentment blessed in a cot in the country, with a small orchard and a little garden ground to it; of about two or three pounds a year, with honest industry, would be the height of his ambition; he borrowed this worldly desire from an anecdote. The governor of a fortress desirous to discover the opinion of the soldiery, disguised himself one summer's evening, and took his seat amongst them, at the front of a sutling-house in the fort, and said, from his earnings that day he could afford to stand treat, in consequence, he called for a pot of beer, at the same time, wishing all true hearts and sound bottoms; a soldier that sat near him wished for ten crowns to pay off an old score; another in company wished for twenty crowns, for, says he, that would make a man of me; a third wished he could gain one night's lodging with the governor's lady, he should consider himself man enough to forget all old scores. The next morning those three men were taken from drill before the governor, and called to an account for their company they was in, and the conversation amongst them the night before. The first said a stranger treated them with a pot of beer, and please your honour, says he, I remember some part of my conversation was a wish for ten crowns; the governor ordered him the payment of his wish, and he received ten crowns; likewise the second received twenty crowns. The third, after an obstinate encounter by threatening and punishment, acknowledged he wished for one night's lodging with the governor's lady. Oh, oh, says the governor, that payment is out of my power to grant, but to shew you there shall be no fault on my side, my lady shall be called, she obey'd the summon, and she was informed of the soldier's wish; she resented the affront, turned on her heels, and left the room. The governor thus addressed them—"I am happy I had it in my power to grant the request of the two first, but as to you, (turning to the other) I consider the reflection will be a sufficient reward for your injustice in so base a desire, I now dismiss you with this reproof, in all your actions and conversation through life, let it be consistent, let it be within the bounds of moderation, and wish for something that may be profitable, and come within your reach and do you good, and not wish for that which may ever after mark you with shame, disgrace, and contempt.

TRUE BRITON, December 23, 1794.

A Gentleman remarks on PACKWOOD'S Razor Strop, to obviate every degree of difficulty in shaving; to cheer the cheek, enliven the lip, and fascinate the face, is a proof can only be equalled by the indefatigable pains he has taken to investigate the hidden treasure; i. e. the heretofore unexplored mystery of the minute art so fortunately brought to perfection in his incomparable Razor Strop.

PACKWOOD'S WHIM.

45

In ev'ry effort to enliven, ev'ry effort to attract,
Serious powerful soft'ning soap must carefully be applied,
And the happy lucid lather, fascinatly fair form'd,
Snow white sloop, enliv'ning first each dimple,
Sleek, or smiling muscle of the pleas'd enraptur'd countenance,
Convinced, superior, happy, and benign.

TELEGRAPH, June 20, 1796.

The GENEALOGY of the RAZOR STROPS.

PACKWOOD first thought of this excellent invention in July; communicated his intentions to some intimate friends in August; received their decisive approbation in September; was determined in the object of his pursuit in October; purchased materials in November; set persons to work in December; made some promising experiments in January; founded the public inclination in February; found it would do in March; brought it to perfection in April; submitted it to public decision in May; and finally established it in June. This diary of a year, cannot fail of being highly satisfactory to all who are convinced that the discovery in question is one of the greatest comforts of the age.

TOWN AND COUNTRY HERALD,

July 25, 1795.

THE nation is at this time in debt to a Worcestershire wag—200,800,000 thanks for the benefit derived from his ingenuity; but there is a great pleasure in informing the public, for their satisfaction, that the ladies have taken it in hand to pay off the interest by praises, and spreading his great fame and reputation, if possible, more and more, all over the land, in gratitude for the comfort they enjoy by their lovers or husbands beards being so closely shorn, as to do away that frightful idea of a scrubbing-brush.

ORACLE.

PACKWOOD'S WHIM.

ORACLE, July 6, 1796.

EXTEMPORE,

By a Lady, while Drinking Tea at the Bush on Epping Forest, addressed to Mr. PACKWOOD, of Gracechurch-street, London.

While beards doth grow
Thy fame will flow—
Be war or peace,
Beards will increase—
To mow the crop,
Use Razor Strop.

TELEGRAPH, July 5, 1796.

WONDERFUL CASES.

Asserted by a Gentleman of the Strand.

DR. PACKWOOD, flattered by the liberal attention and generous patronage of a discerning public, is extremely happy in being the means of stopping the unnecessary effusion of human blood, by the superlative power of his superior Razor Strop. With the greatest diffidence and respect to an indulgent public, he subjoins a few well authenticated cases, from the many acknowledgements of country correspondents, on the amazing powers of his antiobtuse Razor Strop.

Farmer Frizzleton, of Bullington, near Andover, found a case of rusty razors, that had been his grandfathers, which had lain hid thirty years under a hole in a hay loft, till the metal was scarcely discernable, and the blades hacked like a hand-saw, by proper application of his incomparable Razor Strop, the notches became totally invisible, and they are now in possession of the village barber, who always saves one or other of them to shave Mr. Quiteright, the man-midwife, in cases of particular hurry.

Mr. Nimrod, a gentleman of Kent, had such a partiality for hunting he could scarce find time to have his beard taken off; by the use of the superior Razor Strop, he now shaves himself on horseback, full gallop, without the least fear, loss of time, or hindrance of business. A Welch Parson, who used to piece out his income by playing the fiddle, was so puzzled by some of Mr. Haydn's tunes, he was resolved to find a new employment; on the discovery of the superior Razor Strop, he takes notches out of scythes, to the astonishment of the farmers, and is making a rapid fortune as a country cutler.

His razors cut all things as tinder,
Defy the grindstone, shave a cinder.

DIRECTIONS

DIRECTIONS

THE Strop acts by virtue of a Paste; by taking a lump between your fingers, it may be rubbed on the Strop, or spread very thin, with a strong knife every three months, or oftener, if required, on the sealed side (only,) the same as you would a plaister, the thinner it is spread the better, so that it is all covered and left very smooth; it is fit for use the next day, and the good effect will

ASTONISH

the most incredulous into admiration; if dry, one drop of sweet oil rubbed on both sides with the finger will be found very useful; to strop your Razor. Lay it flat, and press it close on the seal side, and draw it a few times on each side of the Razor from heel to point, and from one end of the Strop to the other, (if dull, ten or a dozen times, or oftener if required) and you will find a fine sharp (though not a wiry) edge; and a few strokes on the other side of the Strop afterwards will bring your Razor to a fine smooth edge. When you shave, dip your Razor in hot water, and lay it flat on your face, and bear very light; for, such is the virtue of this Strop, it gives the Razor so sharp an edge, that if you press the Razor too hard on your face it will have quite a contrary effect.

The Proprietor himself has stropped a notch out of his own common six-penny knife, and shaved himself dry (though a hard beard) without a lather, much cleaner and smoother than he had done for many years back.

To give you a faint idea, permit the Proprietor to observe, that a diamond or flint will cut glass, and this Strop will have as powerful an effect on steel by way of polishing.

Gentle Reader—if your patience is not exhausted in perusing the different serious and comic, prosaic, and poetic advertisements on the good properties of Razor Strops, and you have a desire for further information—by referring to the Tatler, by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. in 12mo. No. 224, there you may find Strops for Razors advertised with much more violence.

*A few of the Names among many hundreds appointed for
the Sale of PACKWOOD'S Razor Strops and Paste
and Goldfinch's Nest.*

IN LONDON.

Mr. Love, Perfumer to the Prince of Wales, No. 12, Hay-market.
Messrs. Berry and Main, No. 18, Greek-street, Soho. Mr. Grovesnor,
No.

PACKWOOD'S WHIM.

No. 303, Holborn. Messrs. Hendrie and Son, Perfumers in ordinary to her Majesty, Middle of Shug-lane. Mr. Johnston, Perfumer to the Prince of Wales, Ball-court, Lombard-street. Mr. Jones, Applewee-yard, York-street, St. James's-square. Messrs. Keith and Co. Perfumers to the Prince of Wales, No. 30, Hay-market. Mr. Martin, Hardwareman, No. 44, Gracechurch-street. Messrs. Oppenheim and Sons, No. 7, Kirby-street, Hatton Garden. Mr. Ormerod's Italian Warehouse, Fenchurch-street. Mr. Richardson, No. 63, Berwick-street, Soho, Proprietor of the British Shaving Paste, for those who like a good lather, or a troublesome corn removed—See page 12. Mr. Rowney's, No. 95, Holborn-Hill. Mr. Sizeland, No. 2, Vere-street, Cavendish-square. Mr. Vickery, No. 6, Tistoavck-street. And Mr. Carter, Toyman, No. 29, Bishopgate-Street, famed for Restoring of Beau'y.

IN THE COUNTRY.

Mr. Knight, Druggist, Bath. Mr. Gilburd, No. 35, North-street, Brighton. Mr. Addis, Gloucester. Mr. Pope, St. Augustine's Place, Bristol. Mr. Simmonds, No. 120, Capel-street, Dublin. Mr. Raeburn, Perfumer to the Prince of Wales, No. 13, North Bridge-street, Edinburgh. And may be had at the sign of the Naked Truth, in different parts of the three kingdoms.

*** See PACKWOOD's Shop Bill, *pro bono publico*, for his incomparable Razor Strops and Paste.

Who drew the Plate in the front of this book? I, says the Engraver:
Who was the Engraver? I, says the Copper-Plate Printer. Who was the
Printer? I, says the ——— stop and read.

Now critics, no doubt, will find out a flaw,
A juvenile hand, nam'd *A. Walk-in-shaw*,
In Finch Lane, Cornhill, he lives 'tis true,
And will for *de pay*—do as much for you.



